Thinke on the fault my father made,
In compaſſing the Crowne.
I *Richards* body haue interred new,
And on it hath beſtow'd more contrite teares,
Then from it iſſued forced drops of blood;
A hundred men haue I in yearely pay,
Which euery day their withered hands hold vp
To heauen, to pardon blood,
And I haue built two Chanceries, more will I do:
Though all that I can do is all too little.

Enter Gloſter.

Glo. My Lord.
King. My brother Gloſters voice.
Glo. My Lord, the army ſtayes vpon your preſence.
Kin. Stay Gloſter ſtay, and I will go with thee,
The day, my friends, and all things ſtayes for me.

Enter Clarence, Gloſter, Exeter, & Salisbury.

War. My Lords, the French are very ſtrong,
Ex. There's fiue to one, and yet they are all freſh.
War. Of fighting men they haue full forty thouſand.
Sal. The oddes is all too great. Farwell kinde Lords:
Braue Clarence, and my Lord of Gloſter,
My Lord of Warwicke, and to all farewell.
Cla, Farewell kinde Lords, fight valiantly to day,
And yet in truth I do thee wrong,
For thou art made on the true ſparkes of honor.

Enter King.

War. O would we had but ten thouſand men
Now at this inſtant, that doth not worke in England.
Kin. Whoſe that, that wiſhes ſo, my couſen Warwick?
Gods will I would not looſe the honour
One man would ſhare from me,
Not for my kingdome.